

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from failing and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, July 24, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Law Yards.

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Prompt and careful attention given to all business placed in their hands.

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Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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Practices in Greenbrier and adjoining counties.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the Marlinton Hotel. All calls answered promptly.

J. L. MARSHALL, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST
Has located and is ready for business in the Bank of Marlinton building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Map and Blue Prints a specialty.

UNVEILING MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE DEAD

At Valley Mountain a Great Spectacle. Commemorative Withnessed by About Two Thousand People. Everything Done in Decency and in Order. Full Account of the Proceedings

BISHOP PETERKIN MAKES A POPULAR SPIRITED ADDRESS

Which We Found in Part. His Speech Also with Much Interest for the Cause He Followed was Heard. Especially Urging us to Keep Green the Memory of those who Fought and Died not for Self but for Country

The unveiling services came off on Valley Mountain, Randolph County, Thursday July 17, and were participated in by 1500 or more persons assembled from Elk ins to Marlinton.

Col. A. C. L. Gatewood was Chief Marshal, aided by J. C. Price, S. M. Gay and T. C. Courtney on their mounts. The pedestrians were marshaled by G. M. Kee, Platt Marshall and Arthur Lawson.

The procession formed in the public highway and adjoining field near Arthur Lawson's residence. Then to the throbs of a muffled drum moved slowly up the winding roadway to the stands erected near the monument to be unveiled. The band then played Dixie and other pieces until all were ready for the opening exercises.

When everything was ready the pathetic "Comrades" was impressively rendered by the band, prayer offered by Chaplain Wm. T. Price, and a masterly oration pronounced by Bishop Peterkin. This oration ought to be put in permanent form and given universal circulation as a model Confederate's confession of the faith that was in them and for which they acted as they had done and for which these soldiers and so many others had died.

After the oration a tribute in verse to the Valley Mountain dead numbering as is estimated five or six hundred soldiers, in scattered and mostly invisible graves on the hillside adjacent, composed by J. W. Jackson, of Pocahontas County, was recited by Jared L. Wamsley, of Randolph County, in an impressive and appropriate manner.

While the band was performing a solemn dirge Bishop Peterkin attended by two little girls, Margaret and Gatewood Cameron accompanied by Colonel Gatewood and Chaplain Price led the way to the Monumental Cross erected by a beautiful Confederate flag and waved over by the Stars and Stripes. The signal being given the little girls jointly unveiled the monument wreathed with daisies and immortelles and inscribed to the memory of the Soldiers of the 21st and 48th Virginia Infantry. The motto: "Non Sibi Sed Patriae," appeared. Meaning they did not for Self but for Country. Prayer was made by Bishop Peterkin, and the assembly moved around the enclosure and viewed the monument.

The hour for lunch was announced and all repaired to a nearby grove where one of the best and most nicely arranged dinners ever spread in this vicinity was enjoyed in a free and easy manner so completely was everyone made to feel at home. Very ample time was taken for the lunch. The veterans and long separated friends interchanged their cheerful greetings, most like for the last time in these picturesque and historic fields. And that the hundreds of nice, interesting young people seemed to enjoy themselves goes without saying.

Lunch over, the band rendered a number of beautiful pieces in their happiest style, and the people reassembled. Miss Anna Hart of Beverly was introduced to the audience as one of the bright particular stars of the West Virginia galaxy, and recited her touchingly beautiful poem, "The Soldier Boy from Georgia."

Bishop Peterkin introduced Rev. Wm. T. Price in his happy manner who made the closing address arranged for on the programme.

The band gave more music, and the people were made for impromptu addresses. Rev. Mr. Williams, Captain Sweeney, and G. H. McLaughlin responded in turn, and the ears of hundreds seemed split with their many pleasantities.

When the speaking ceased, arrangements were announced for taking a photograph of the veterans and a baseball game between Pocahontas and Randolph teams immediately after the dismissal of the assembly. What remained of the afternoon was thus occupied.

All was over by five o'clock, and the people dispersed for their homes. At night the band gave a very enjoyable concert a Mingo, and so his bright memorable day and one of the most beautiful of moon-lighted evenings passed into history to be pleasantly remembered for years to come as the Valley Mountain monumental unveiling, a local epochal event of more than ordinary significance.

Bishop Peterkin gave feeling expression to the gratification he

felt upon realizing hopes he had been cherishing for more than 20 years that a monumental cross might be reared to the memory of these men, to many of whom he had administered the last consolatory rites of religion, and whose remains he had seen consigned dust to dust forty one years before.

By common consent much grateful consideration is cherished for Arthur Lawson, a young Englishman, for the part he performed in materializing the hopes and wishes of the Bishop. It is suggestive of a deeply interesting thought that a loyal son of an English Lord should in the process of time and course of events be conspicuous in giving honor to the memory of men, who, as successors of revolutionary fathers, had died for the liberties their fathers had purchased with blood, and found their graves amid the mountains of West Augusta.

The large assembly gathered around the monumental cross on Valley Mountain the 17th of July, 1902, the exercises pertinent to the occasion like some mysterious search light flashing upon the revered past enables us to read with a significance thrillingly realistic what Washington said in one of the darkest hours of his eventful history: "Give me but a banner and the means of planting it on the mountains of West Augusta and I will rally around me the men that will lift my bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

The scenes witnessed on Valley Mountain last Thursday and the sentiments expressed in speech and verse are evidence that those winged words of the illustrious Washington are still on their benighted flight down the ages.

The character of the people who assembled that day, the addresses that were heard and the strains of music that swelled the highest breezes of the West Augusta Mountains, all were suggestive of the sentiments embodied in those winged words and that they will be cherished as long as there remains on earth one who loves or appreciates the rights of humanity and honors the part performed by the people of West Augusta in the contest for Liberty and the struggle for independence.

Bishop Peterkin's address, in part, was as follows:

Friends and Comrades—It is forty-one years since I first set foot on Valley Mountain. The Twenty-first Virginia Infantry in which I was a private soldier together with the Forty-second and Forty-eighth and the Battalion, made up one of the brigades that occupied this strategic position under the leadership of the illustrious Robert E. Lee. The policy that brought our troops to this part and kept them here during the fearful summer of 1861 was more than we could understand, and I don't know that we puzzled our heads much about it.

I suppose the reasons were not so much military as political, the idea being to occupy as much as possible of western Virginia in order to secure the support of her hardy population. This was done, however at a very great cost.

My own regiment, the Twenty-first Virginia, which left Richmond about the middle of July, 1861, strong, had here on Valley Mountain more than 600 men down with fever and measles and remember hearing the surgeon of a North Carolina Regiment, which took the field with 1300 men fit for duty, say indignantly that before they left home they were told that they were coming to the mountains of Virginia, the first country in the world, and yet he had 700 men sick. It was indeed a fearful summer; we were encamped on Valley Mountain for three days and it rained thirty-seven out of that number.

The sick some were sent to the rear, some managed in some way, it must have been by special providence, to pull through and report for duty, and some died.

As long as I was up and about and not out of the way on picket duty, I attended the funerals of the men of our brigade and gave them the last rites of the church.

It has always been a matter of great regret to me that I did not keep a record of the names of those I buried in this spot of ground, which our late friend Captain Marshall, set apart as sacred to their memory.

For more than twenty years ago the idea of marking the last resting place of these faithful men has been in my mind and at last, today, under the auspices of these, my comrades, and I may say with the special help of my friend, Mr. Lawson, it is my privilege to see it fully done.

For forty one years now these comrades of ours have slumbered in their quiet graves. We honor our selves in honoring them. How ever simple this memorial may be it is sufficient for its purpose, and that purpose, dear friends, has to do with ourselves as well as with them. It is to consecrate ourselves rather than the ground up on which this cross stands.

What would anything more avail though the rich trophy should stand majestically up as a monument more enduring than brass? What would it avail, now that these have gone the way of all flesh, and we are in the great procession that moves on after them? Surely we must know by this what our history and indeed all history teaches, that

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Alike await the inevitable hour— The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Can storied urn or animated bust Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can honor's roll provoke the silent dust? Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

But why do we desire specially to commemorate these men? What was their position? What were their deeds? What is the significance of their lying here on this mountainside rather than in some quiet church yard hard by their homes and friends?

Why, these men represented an idea—they stood for principle, the idea and principle that the sovereign State of Virginia, the old Dominion, was free to sever its connection with the other states of the Union when it seemed expedient and honorable to do so, and in their true and loyal devotion to that idea, that principle, they have given a conspicuous example of the exercise of the heroic qualities of courage, fortitude and constancy.

We need to remember such men, and one of the ways in which we are to keep alive this memory in our hearts and pass it on to those who are to come after us, is by some such memorial as this.

Let me remind you of the principle that makes such memorials so important in both our individual and national life. It is this, that one great secret in the growth of character is the art of orologing the quickening power of right ideas and of perpetuating just and inspiring impressions.

Now I believe that we all have sometimes and perhaps often high aspirations and moving views of the past, not to excite strife nor stir up bitter feeling, but because we are in such sense proud of it, that we want the truth told known about the heroic struggle.

Confederates don't want to go down to history with the record entirely compiled and colored by those who fought against us, or I ought rather to say often by those who stayed at home and urged them to go to fight against us and by their bounties so freely paid enlisted in the northern armies nearly as many foreigners as we had soldiers all told.

I suppose we might naturally expect the northern and southern account of a great struggle like the War between the States to be very different, the one from the other; that I say we might expect, but you would hardly expect the old Confederate to compromise by taking simply the northern account and no other. No, we want our children and our grand children to have some better and fairer origin of the war, and of its prosecution through varying phases and fortune: some better idea than is often given.

So we speak of the past and we commemorate the virtues and faithfulness of our comrades who have passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

Mrs. Phillips of Sunset visited her nephew Wallace Jackson last week.

WOODS AND WATER

A Column Open to the Public on Thames Related to Forest and Stream.

A CASE OF EXERCISING DIPLOMACY.

A Young Diplomat Who Used His Head to Advantage in Dividing the Spoils of Fishing.

About twenty-five years ago the Legislature of Virginia concluded to give the suckers and other fish of that State a chance for six years and prohibited the fishing for them with nets for that space of time. The stream on which I lived was known as Muddy Creek and flowed through one of the richest farming sections on this very earth. The county is thickly settled and it is no exaggeration to say that the houses line the stream as close together as the houses on a Marlinton street. And it is so for the whole ten miles or more of the stream's length. It was a great stream for suckers and eels and was there I acquired the baneful habit of fishing.

With so many eye witnesses the stream became impracticable for the lawbreaker and the nets were all laid up in the lofts, and fishing with nets was abandoned. The six years passed and the nets were taken down again. The boys of two families wanted to reap part of the rich harvest of suckers but had no nets. A neighbor had a net and so we extended the partnership to take in the boys of the net owner in order to secure the use of his net. We got the net and started down stream to drain it of its fish. There were about seven of us ranging in ages from ten to fourteen except the leader, whom we will call Ed for short, who was sixteen and had forgotten more meanness than we ever knew.

Ed held the net and the rest of us with poles drove the fish in approved style by splashing and punching under the banks and other hiding places for fish. Whenever a fish struck the net the holder who had a mesh of the net in his fingers was apprised of the fact and he lifted the net and allowed the fish to slide down into the tail of the net and so continued fishing until a pool was thoroughly fished.

We fished for near a mile down stream until we had some sixty odd suckers of various sizes. Being tired of the sport we decided to divide the fish between the three families represented.

Ed took the next oldest boy to his side and had a talk with him and proposed that the fish be placed in three piles and that one boy turn his back and as they were pointed out he was to name the one to whom the pile belonged. This seemed fair and equitable and every body agreed to it cheerfully. When Ed got through sorting the fish out it was plain that there were two big piles and one very little pile of fish. Still no body kicked as they each thought they stood two chances to one to draw a big pile of fish and were inclined to gamble a little on their chances. Ed called on the biggest boy to turn his back and be blindfolded. When he was so muffled up that he could not tell night from day, Ed placed his hand on a big pile and said "Whose is this?" "That is A's" said his confederate. "Whose is that?" asked Ed placing his hand on the little pile. "That is B's," and the other pile went to C. By this arrangement the little pile fell to the boy who had been taken in because they immediately saw that they had been done in some way and commenced to cuss and cry. They carried the matter home to their fathers who owned the net and who was very fond of fish and he was about to make an international matter out of it, but he had not seen the disparity in the piles of fish and let the matter drop.

The key to the swindle was that when the crier called "Whose is THIS?" he had his hand on a big portion and when he said "Whose is THAT?" he was pointing to a small portion of the catch. We have lost sight of the boy who furnished the brains for this swindle and cannot say whether he is at large yet, practicing law or horse trading.

The Color of Trout.

Every stream has its peculiarities and the trout that are born and bred in its waters bear certain ear marks that enable the close observer to tell from whence they came. It is a wise provision on the part of nature and serves to render the trout to a certain extent invisible to its multitude of enemies. The usual camping place for a party of fishers is at the forks of the mountain streams as this gives three directions in which to fish. Take the forks of Cranberry for instance. The North fork comes down with its beautifully clear red water from a country where it would seem that mud is unknown. The spruce trees give it its tea like color. The South Fork on the other hand drains a large bog and its waters are muddy and full of silt. The mainriver being formed by these dissimilar streams is between the two in re-

gard to its waters. It is not hard to tell from a what waters a particular lot of trout are taken. Occasionally the fisher will take from the North Fork a trout of the slate color peculiar to the South Fork, but it is the exception that marks the rule.

There can be little doubt that as trout ascend the river in the summer and fall that the schools divide at the forks, each kind choosing the fork to which it belongs.

And more than that we are inclined to believe that each trout goes back to its particular pool or abiding place, no matter how far it may roam. On the South Fork of Sugar Creek is a deep dark pool at the foot of a fall. The water extends back under the rocks and the dense growth of laurel and the thick foliage of the forest trees prevent the sun ever shining in upon the pool. The water looks dark in consequence. We cast the line back under the rocks and got a vicious strike from a large trout. The trout proved to be a ten inch fish and was as black as the ace of spades. He must have been at least three years old and was so black that we feel sure that he must have spent his whole life in the cavern from which he was taken.

The same day we came to a pool of considerable depth which was hollowed out of a bank and the deep water was completely hidden by a pile of drift wood. We made a cast above the logs and the bait was carried down by the current well under the heap of drift wood. It was instantly taken by a very hungry trout, who was dragged from his lair noisily volens. This trout was of fair size and was very dark.

The rest of the catch was from the main stream which is tea colored, and all were marked with red. Either trout change color or else those two black trout had been raised where they were caught. Our whole experience has been along this line, and we believe that whenever you take a trout which is very dark if the stream is at normal stage in regard to the volume of water: that you will see that the pool from which it is taken is shaded.

PRESSURE.

The driver of one of the fast passenger engines of the mountain division complained that some people thought he did not work much as his day's work consisted of not over four hours in the twenty-four and often but a hours. But during that short space this engine driver had to take a heavy freight train loaded with living freight over a mountainous road making numerous stops and still average forty miles an hour. The run is eighty miles long and is made in two hours. During that time as the train flies with the speed of a bird the engineer must see every foot of the track, often peering into a dense fog. He must check every signal at each switch, he must keep in mind every freight train with which he must contend and he must know every grade and curve so as to regulate the speed of his train. Then at the top of the mountain, he has to begin a descent many miles long with a train weighing hundreds of tons, with every wheel trying to gather speed, and one man with his hand upon a lever controlling the speed of the mighty mass behind him by applying just the right amount of air to the brakes. So fast must the train go and no faster. As a result when the engineer descends from his cab at the end of a two hours' run he has earned the right to rest. He has done his day's work.

We think this in a way describes the work of a professional man who thinks deeply and who does his best to safely guard the interests entrusted to his care. The doctor who is carrying the life of a patient in his hands; the preacher who is deeply concerned for the souls of the people in his charge; the draughtsman on whose plane fortunes are staked; the lawyer upon whose advice a course of action is taken involving all that stands between his client and poverty; and every other line of work in which men have to think and do for others.

Such men can understand and appreciate the weight that rests on the mind of the engineer driver and can realize how he has earned a rest, and that he should be safe from any reproach in his community. If professional men work by the hour for ten hours a day they would soon be useless. If they attended to all of their professional duties and then took no rest or recreation they would soon be dead. If they take up the work of a day laborer it is not long before they feel that they will have to hire some body to attend to their professional duties.

In every profession where responsibility is placed upon a man there is a certain amount of pressure that entitles the worker to rest, however hard it may be for the common run of people to see it.

The Bible lecture by W. T. Price at upper Swago for next Sunday is deferred until the 3d Sabbath of August, 11 a. m.

ORDER NO. 16

Issued by General Lee on His Retreat from Gettysburg.

REMEMBERED AFTER FORTY YEARS

Had Recited by an Ex-Confederate Soldier Who Saw the Original Document.

Jehu Trainer, of the Columbia Sulphur Springs, was in Marlinton Saturday, While intown he came to see us and gave us some War reminiscences. He was a member of Co. F, 25th Virginia Infantry, and saw stirring service, being in all the battles of the Valley Campaign except when laid aside from wounds. His regiment was the first on the field of battle at the Wilderness and at Slaughter Mountain. At the latter place the 25th Virginia supported by several pieces of artillery held Banks whole army at bay until Jackson could bring up his forces. Mr. Trainer received wounds at Peters burg, Sharpsburg and Winchester and commanded two companies at Gettysburg. He recited from memory after an elapse of forty years "Order No. 16," issued by General Robert E. Lee on his retreat from Gettysburg, with the Union Army close upon his rear, the Northern press clamoring for the capture of these Southern ragamuffins. Lee halted at Hagars town in Maryland. The Potomac River was past fording and another battle seemed imminent, and the following stirring orders were issued:

"Order No. 16
"Headquarters Army Northern Virginia, July 11, 1863:
"After the long and trying marches, endured with the fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of North Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of your enemies and recalled to them in defense of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours. You fought a fierce and sanguinary battle. If not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned our efforts, marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemy and the gratitude of your country and the admiration of mankind. Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have torn so many fields: Names that can never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and there are wives and fathers and mothers and helpless children leaning for defense upon your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier on his fidelity and courage make life worth having: the freedom of his country, the honor of his people, the security of his home. Let every heart grow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past and the estimable blessings over which we now contend. And invoking the assistance of that Heavenly Power which has so signally blessed our former efforts, let us go in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers, your old enemy is before you, win from him honor worthy of your right cause and dead comrades on so many illustrious fields.

"R. E. LEE,
"General Commanding"

ANGLO-ISRAEL.

When Jesus our Savior came to Bethlehem, gold, frankincense, and myrrh were the presents that were brought to him from afar.

When he comes again, without sin unto salvation, he will find a present greater still placed at his disposal and in his honor, and will be the leading feature of the coronation, about which many of us love so well to sing "All hail the power of Jesus name."

The present in question is referred to by Isaiah, 18:7 "In that time shall the present be brought unto the Lord of Hosts, of a people scattered and peeled, to the place of the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Mount Zion."

Jeremiah, the renowned prophet of the nations, has this to say about this self-same present: "For to the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my Israel and Judah, saith the Lord; and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it." (Jer. 30:3.)

Viewed in the light of the Anglo-Israel theory of prophetic interpretation, Isaiah furnishes a very satisfactory clue as to the persons who are to bring the distinctively great coronation present, where he says: "Woe (no, give attention) to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, which sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters. Go ye soft messengers to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation meted out and trodden down." (Isa. 18:1.)

As conditions now exist the English and American governments overshadow the Jews, and the country referred to by the Prophet is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.

out on the great sea, suggestive of the route from Palestine to the English Islands. The Anglo-Saxons on nations, England and America, in virtue of their insular situations always have been obliged to send their ambassadors by sea.

To some minds, imbued with Anglo-Israel views, swift messengers and vessels of whirling things are suggestive of locomotives, flying machines, and swift steamships, such a feature of the latter days now on.

All this, in addition to being a very plain statement of what the coronation present is to be and who are to bring it, there is this feature to recommend it, no violence is done to the great company of Bible readers, because nearly everyone believes that the Jews will return to Palestine. Where can any esteemed reader of the Times find a verse or chapter in the book that speaks of the Jews as going back to the land of Abraham Isaac and Jacob without Israel taking a very prominent part. The Jews are the brethren of the Anglo-Israelites, and when returned to their land as a present for the one to be crowned Lord of All, it will be under the patronage of some one, and it now looks as if the patronage will be that of British and American diplomacy.

According to the expressed views of Isaiah and Jeremiah, it is Israel, the lost ten tribes, that will have to get the land first, open it up for settlement for the Jews and protect them after they get there.

It is the order of prophetic providence that Israel and Judah shall return together, for they are brethren. Indeed, Ezekiel goes so far as to declare in a very positive manner that when these two peoples so return to their own land they are to be no longer nor forevermore two nations, two kingdoms, or two governments, but one kingdom, one government, one throne, and one King upon the mountains of Israel. Hence it is and must be that such a theory of prophetic interpretation awakens ardent interest in recent and current events. To such it seemeth the expulsion of more than four hundred thousand Jews from Russia is part of their providential preparation for their return to Palestine sooner or later. And now whereas England and America own the shipping and the railroads on the routes to Palestine, one can see how naturally and easily such a prophecy can be fulfilled as this reads: "In those days the house of Judah shall walk with (margin to) the house of Israel, and they shall come together out of the land of the north to the land that I shall have given for an inheritance unto your fathers." (Jer. 31:18.) More than three thousand years since this prayer was offered: "Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah and bring him unto his people; let his hands be sufficient for him, and be thou a help to him from his enemies." (Deut. 33:7.)

Then too in the same connection how touchingly these words impress our minds with intense living interest: "In those days and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they shall go and seek out the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, saying, come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." (Jer. 50:4-5.)

All this being so, when Jesus comes again it will not then be mournfully said, He came unto his own, and his own received him not. This rite will be realized as forgotten long ages ago: "So all Israel shall be saved, as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob" (Rom. 11:26.)

Now may it not be as the return of the Jews from Babylon was preparatory to the greeting at the first coming, so this present gathering to Palestine and the Christian influences they so readily receive at Beyrou, Joppa, and Jerusalem prepare the way for our Lord's reception on that day when his feet shall once more stand on the Mount of Olives, and out of a full and broken heart they exclaim: "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him: we will rejoice in his salvation!"

W. T. P.

From letters of inquiry coming from various sources, it seemeth that it is gradually dawning upon the outside world that the time may not be far distant when Pocahontas will be rated one of the most desirable summer retreats in the United States. Purity of air, variety of springs, Pocahontas nut-milk, butter, and honey, with reasonable rates, will present: documents that sooner or later will attract tourists in swarms.

July 13 a fearful mine explosion occurred at Johnstown, Pa. The Belling Mill Mine of the Cambria Coal Company employs about six hundred men, but many of them being at work at other points at the time of the explosion readily made their escape. It is thought the fatal cases may be as many as two hundred. Poisonous air, or fire damp, is the alleged cause. Several rescuers were overcome in their efforts to rescue.